

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, etc.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1881.

NUMBER 35.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

KENNY R. WEST.

Office over Post Office, 100 N. Main St.,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Subscription Rates:

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office over Post Office, 100 N. Main St.,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Subscription Rates:

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

KENNY R. WEST.

Office over Post Office, 100 N. Main St.,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Subscription Rates:

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

One year, \$1.00.

Poetry.

"MENDING THE OLD FLAG."

In the silent gloom of a great room,

With cobwebs round the old flag—

From day to day the old flag lay—

Dimly old, each wrinkle fold

By the dust of years was shaded;

Wounds of the storm were upon its form;

The crimson stripes were faded.

Twas a mournful sight in the day-tide light,

This thing of humble seeming,

That once so proudly on the cheering crowd

Had carried its colors gleaming;

Stained with mud and the blood of gold,

That had faded in the sun-ray's kissing;

Of faded hues the flag was old,

And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maidens and three from glades

Had gathered in the Southland weather,

With gladness and their arms entwined,

Came up the stairs together;

They gazed awhile with thoughtful smile

At the mourning form before them,

With clinging hands they grasped its folds,

And out of the darkness bore them.

They heeded its scars, they found its stars

And brought them all together,

Where smiles the Southland weather,

They mended it through the summer day,

Made glad by an inspiration

To bring it high at the smiling sky

On the birthday of our Nation.

In the brilliant glow of the summer air,

With a brisk breeze round it creeping,

Newly bright from the gleaming light,

The flag was grandly sweeping;

Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,

And faded in the sun-ray's kissing;

Red, white and blue were its stripes of gold,

And none of the stars were missing.

—WILLIAM CARLTON.

Select Story.

How They Were Jilted.

THEY DESIRE TO BE MARRIED, and the

thoughts arising from that desire form a

very important part of the life and exis-

tence of most all young ladies, and also